2.

BRUTAL YOUTHS TROUNCE LAWFUL CITIZENS FOR TICKET MONEY...
NASTY BLOW YOU GAVE THIS 'ERE CITIZEN, MATE... SHOULD I FINISH 'IM OFF AND LET ME DIRK 'ISS CROSST 'IS JELLY THROAT?
...JUST WHIDDLE 'IS PINKY OFF FOR THET RING, OXO... THEN ILL 'RAP 'IS BLOODY TEETH OUTTA 'IS BLOOMIN' 'EAD... THET'S WOT..
LESS GET UP A FEW BOB FOR THE STONES CONCERT.. EH BOYO? NNNMMF
WHOP
?!
'HAN DOWN YER GO BITCH.. A FEW BELTS 'HIN YER BLOODY CHOPS 'HAN THEN WILL 'AVE AH LOOK TRU' YUR PURSE..

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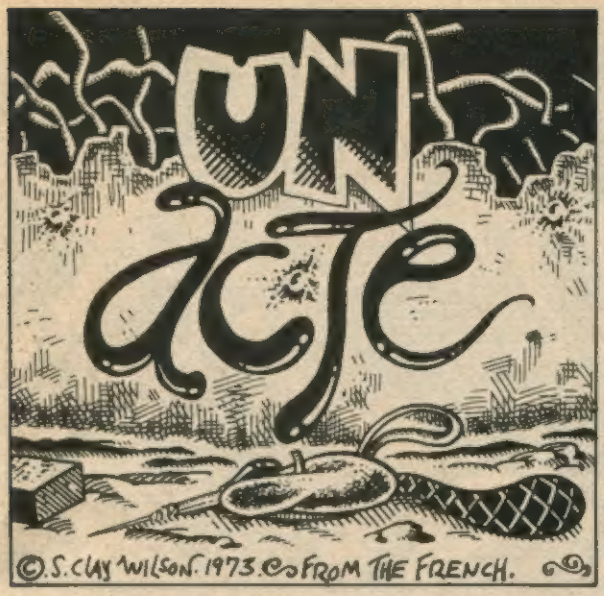
S. CLAY WILSON. 1972.

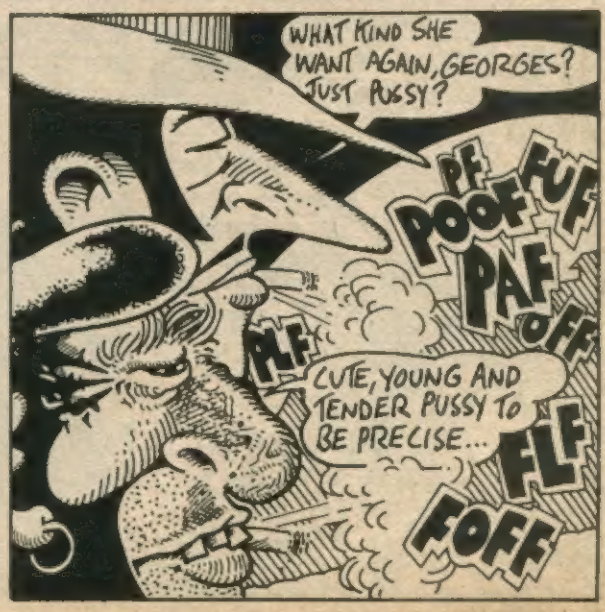

UN
acte
©S.CLAY WILSON. 1973. ©FROM THE FRENCH.

WE FIND A COMELY STRUMPET STROLLING.
Z
MERDE

I'M TIRED, BROKE HUNGRY AND HORNY.. NOT TO MENTION BORED AS SHIT.. YEEECCHHHH!

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN MY FAVOR. I WONDER WHY??

LURKING IN AN ALLEY WE FIND TWO THUGS...

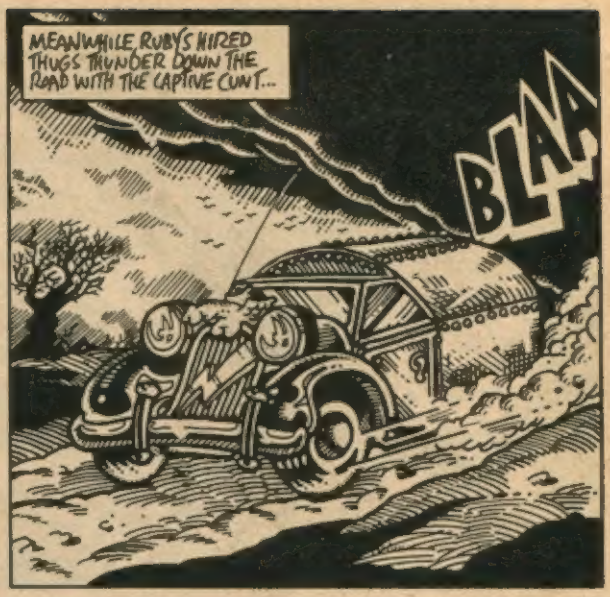

WHAT KIND SHE WANT AGAIN, GEORGES? JUST PUSSY?
PF
POOF
FUF
PAF
OFF
PLF
CUTE, YOUNG AND TENDER PUSSY TO BE PRECISE...
FLF
FOFF

SSSSSH LUKE..I CAN HEAR SOME SWEET TINY TENDER FOOTSTEPS...
PAUSE
TIK TAP TIK
EEEEEEOOP
DONT WRAP IT, BAG IT, ITS IN THE BAG..
THASS RIGHT MY BUNNY..
..PRETTY SLICK. DIDNT EVEN HAVE TO WAIT VERY LONG EITHER...
MMFFFF
I THINK SHES PRETTY CLOSE TO THE DESCRIPTION, GEORGES, BUDDY...
WE SHOULD GET A GOOD PRETTY PENNY FOR THIS PUSSY, LUKE PAL..
SHES STARTIN' TO SQUIRM...
LETS GAG 'ER AND GEEZE 'ER SO SHE'LL STOP TWITCHIN'..THE TWIT..
ACROSS TOWN, RUBY THE DYKE AND A CRONY SMOKE AND SNORT.
SNUK

DONT BE SUCH A PIG ABOUT IT, GARSTON.
WHURF
YOURE NONE TOO PUNCTUAL RUBY I MIGHT AS WELL GET RIPPED AND ENJOY THE WAIT.. DONT YOU AGREE, SWEETS
SNK!
YEAH, WELL GO AHEAD AND THEN KNOCK YOURSELF OUT.. JUST THOUGHT YA MIGHT WANNA SHOW SOME CLASS, THAS'ALL.. HMMFF.
FAUF
ZZZ
WELL.. ILL TELL YA ONE THING.. SHORE DO PREESHATE IT.. SHORE DO....
SNUP
WANT ANYTHING ELSE GARSTON.. ANYTHING?
WHATCHA GOT, RUBY OL' BUDDY?
GO AHEAD ON AND NAME IT... YA ASSHOLE..
AHH

PONDERING....
WELL, SINCE THE PACKAGE IS SUPPOSEDLY ON ITS WAY...
THERE AINT NO GAH DAMN SUPPOSEDLY ABOUT IT.. WHEN I PAY BACK A FAVOR.. I DO IT. SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW GARSTON..
TELL IT TO THE MARINES....
NAME IT OR SHUT YOUR FOUL TRAP...
SIX AMYL NITRATES, A JEROBOAM OF HENRI NATHAN ROTHSCHILD BRUT CHAMPAGNE, QUAIL UNDER GLASS, FRESH CIGAR AND A BLOW JOB...
THANK YOU- I'LL TAKE IT NOW..
CANT YOU BE PATIENT AND WAIT UNTIL MY GOONS GET BACK WITH THE GOODS
I GOT LOTS OF COME BABE HA HEEE UK
DONT "BABE" ME CLOWN BODY...

MAID ENTERS...
YES RUBY..
WILMA DARLING, BRING IN SIX AMYL NITRATES, A JEROBOAM OF NATHAN HENRI ROTHSCHILD BRUT CHAMPAGNE, SOME NICE QUAIL UNDER GLASS, AND SOME FRESH CIGARS, THEN TELL LULU TO GET HER ASS IN HERE..


MEANWHILE, RUBY'S HIRED THUGS THUNDER DOWN THE ROAD WITH THE CAPTIVE CUNT...
BLAA

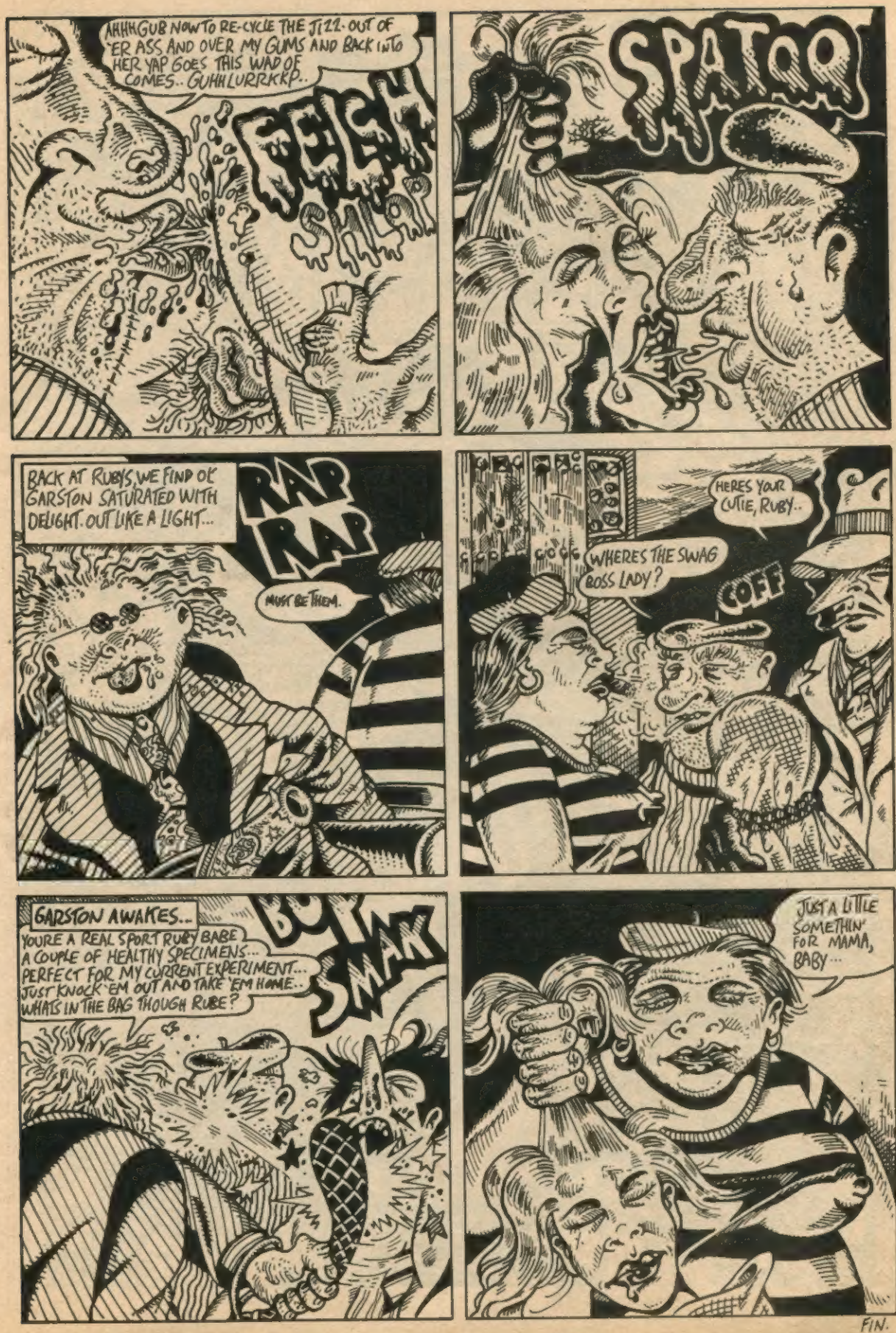
HOW MUCH WE GONNA GET FOR THAT SACK A' GASH!!!
IF ITS ACCEPTABLE WE SHOULD GET 100 BUCKS. 50/50 SPLIT!!

SHE SURE LOOKED ACCEPTABLE TO ME.. WHATS OL' RUBY GONNA DO WITH HER I WONDER (GIGGLE..)
POK
FAUFF

SHES PAYIN' BACK AN OLD GANGSTER CRONY AND SO THIS IS WHAT HE WANTED I GUESS.. SO WE WERE HIRED TO FETCH IT..
FELCH IT?

WELL MAYBE WE SHOULD.. HOWS ANY BODY GONNA KNOW? LETS PULL OVER...
MY THOUGHTS, AS WELL.. LETS FIND A NICE SECLUDED SPOT.. MMM

BESIDES.. WE SHOULD MAKE SURE ITS ACCEPTABLE.. EH GEORGES!! HA!
THEY STOP AND UNLOAD...
SHES STILL KNOCKED OUT FROM THAT SHOT..
SO MUCH THE EASIER.. LETS GET INTO HER A LITTLE TASTE.. EH?
CLUD
WELL JUST CONSIDER THIS TESTING OF THE TWIT AS OUR TIP.. HUH GEORGES? HAHAHAHAHAHEE..
ILL FLIP YA FOR 'ER. A COIN THAT IS.. YOURE A BIG MOTHER.. FOR WHO GETS FIRST.
SSSHRRRP
CALL IT.....
TAILS.
HEADS! I GET 'ER FIRST BUT ILL TAKE 'ER TAIL EVEN THOUGH I GOT HEADS.. BECAUSE SHE HAS TO BE AWAKE TO GIVE HEAD.. RIGHT?
RIGHT.
PAF FAF
AAAAHHHHH IT SURE IS NICE TO SLIP MY HONK IN THERE..
FILTH...
SSHORP GLIK!


AHHH GUB NOW TO RE-CYCLE THE JIZZ OUT OF 'ER ASS AND OVER MY GUMS AND BACK INTO HER YAP GOES THIS WAD OF COMES.. GUHH LURRKKP..
FEICH SHLOP
SPATOO
BACK AT RUBYS, WE FIND OL' GARSTON SATURATED WITH DELIGHT. OUT LIKE A LIGHT...
RAP RAP
MUST BE THEM.
HERES YOUR CUTIE, RUBY..
WHERES THE SWAG BOSS LADY?
COFF
GARSTON AWAKES..
YOURE A REAL SPORT RUBY BABE A COUPLE OF HEALTHY SPECIMENS... PERFECT FOR MY CURRENT EXPERIMENT... JUST KNOCK 'EM OUT AND TAKE 'EM HOME.. WHATS IN THE BAG THOUGH RUBE?
BOP SMAK
JUST A LITTLE SOMETHIN' FOR MAMA, BABY...
FIN.

SUDS SMUT
S. CLAY WILSON 1970
LAVERNE WAS BUSY SOAPIN' HER BIG JUGS..
SOME RUBBIN' WITH THIS SPONGE AND THEY'LL BE SQUEAKIN' CLEAN...
SLURSH
BETTER CALL IN HOWARD, AND HAVE HIM SCRUB 'EM DOWN, BE A DAMN SIGHT MORE FUN..
HOWARD, GET IN HERE!
DILDO OFFER
HOWARD CAME IN AND OGLED HER BAZOOMS....
WHAT A PAIR YA GOT, LAVERNE! JEEEEEEZUS H. CHRIST
WANNA BUFF MY BOOBS THERE, BIG BOY?
THEN LAVERNE GRABBED HIS PULSIN' PROD...
FUCK A BUNCH OF SOAP SUDS... LETS HAVE SOME PUD SUDS..
GLOM
YOU'RE TALKIN' MY LANGUAGE BABY.. GET DOWN ON IT!!
WHUP
THEY FELL AGNIST THE TABLE SPILLIN' THE SOAP SUDS...
TIP
SPLUSH
WHAT DA SHIT... YAAIIIEEK
GAAAA SONNABITCHIN' SOAP IN MY EYES! CANT SEE JACK SHIT...
SSSSSSSS FUCK! THEM SUDS BURN MY EYES, IM BLIND! NNGK
A DYKE AND A FAG THEN QUIETLY CREEPED IN....
SHE IS FUCKING NICE, MUMFORD, YA SWISH...
YETH, AND LOOKIT THET BIG DEVIL OOOHHHHHHHHHHH FRESH MEAT RUBY, YA BULL.
THE FAG CLAMPED A LIP-LOCK ON HOWARD'S HARD..
DONT YOU WORRY ABOUT THEM SOAP SUDS YA HUNK OF STUFF..
SQUOF
AHHHHHHH LAVERNE, GO AHEAD ON, IT'LL TAKE MY MIND OFF MY TORMENTED EYES..AAHHHH
AND RUBY STRAPPED ON A DILDO AND DID LAVERNE.
OOHHHHHH YES, MY MIND TOO
FORP
AFTER THIS THEY BOTH LEFT AS QUIETLY AS THEY CAME.
THAT WAS NICE HOWARD.. NICE..
IT WAS INDEED.. LETS WASH THIS SOAP OUTTA OUR EYES SO WE CAN SEE EACH OTHER, NEXT TIME.. TOOTS

A LARGE HARLOT FROM DOVER, FATIMA WILLOWS, SERVICES THE SEXUAL NEEDS OF THE PIRATES FROM THE SHIP "THE FOAMING CRANK." THE CAPTAIN HAD HIS OWN TART...

HOWARD MARLOWE, THE SHIP'S CARPENTER, WAS NOW IN THROES OF JOY, HE HAD WAITED LONG TO LICK HER SHOE

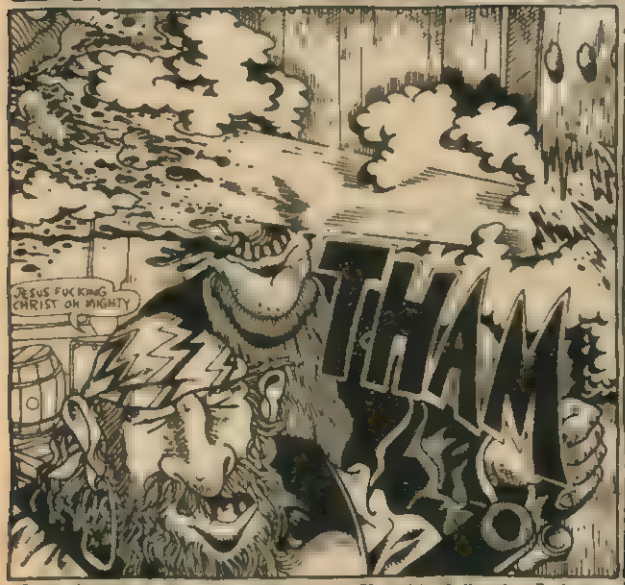
THE CAPTAIN DROPPED HIS LOAD BEHIND THE SWEET GUMS OF HIS FAVORITE TART, HE THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

THE DUMBEST MAN IN THE WORLD.
©'93 WASHINGTON
WE FIND THE DUMBEST MAN IN THE WORLD AMONG SOME EVIL TYPES...
TALK
DUHHHHH UHHHHH
THE DUMBEST MAN IN THE WORLD, EH? HOW CAN WE USE HIS PATHETIC ASS?
WHAT WE DO WID 'IM?
RAP.
I WONDER IF SUCH A HOSTAGE WOULD FETCH A LARGE RANSOM?
LESS JUS' TIE UH GOFF BALL INEEZE MOUT AND DROP ES ASS INNA RIBBER WID SOME CEMENT OVERSHOOZE.
LETS JUST SHOOT 'IM
HOW DO YOU KNOW HE'S THE DUMBEST MAN IN THE WORLD ANYHOW ASSHOLE ?
DROOL
BECAUSE HE JUST SITS THERE LIKE A LUMP AND DOSENT RESPOND TO ANYTHING.
NOT PAIN!
SPLAB
NOT MONEY
DUHHHANN UHHHNNGG
GIVE 'IM THE SPEEDY G
UNG.
NOT CHICKEN.
POKE
NOT BEER.
FLOP
NUG
NOT PUSSY.
MNG

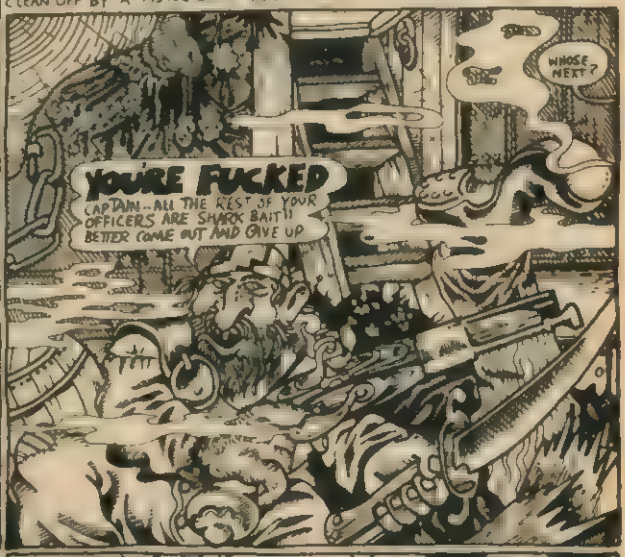
OUTSIDE, THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD WAS GOIN' BY...
HAW HEEE
I SENSE THE VIBRATIONS OF EVIL EMANATING FROM THIS HUMBLE SHACK I'LL GO IN AND BALANCE THINGS
HE WENT IN THE GANGSTERS WERE TOO SLOW AND MET THE SWIFT DEATH RAY....
TOO SLOW CHUMPS
EATRAY!
BRRZZM
...AS THESE GANGSTER CRETINS DISSOLVE UPON THE FLOOR, MY DUMB ONE, YOU MUST EAT MONEY.
RIP!
..HURT CHICKEN!
KLYK!
KICK
SPEND BEER.
HEY BOY- WHATCHA WANT FOR THAT NICE CHAIN?
ONE
WILL GIDDIT..
DRINK PUSSY..
...AND WATCH CLOSELY AS BY SHOVING MY ROOT I FUCK PAIN THROUGH THE SLIVER-INFESTED KNOT-HOLE OF THIS MUTE PLANK!
?
NNGK
URK
BLINK
PA END

THE CAPTAIN DIED TWICE.
S. CLAY WILSON 1969
WE'VE HAD IT, UP TO DA GILLS!
I'M GWAN BANG TA OAKIN HAID OVER AND OVER AGIN WID DIS HAR BELAYIN PIN MEFF
SHRRIP
BOFF

IT WAS RIGHT AFTER THE MUTINY.. AMBROSE AND ROOTER STOOD OUTSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN DOOR.. ONLY SATAN KNEW THE DARK THOUGHTS OF THESE MEN.



AMBROSE FELL DEAD AS THE PROVERBIAL DOOR NAIL. THE TOP OF HIS HEAD BLOWN CLEAN OFF BY A PISTOL SHOT THROUGH THE CABIN DOOR ROOTER WAS PISSED.

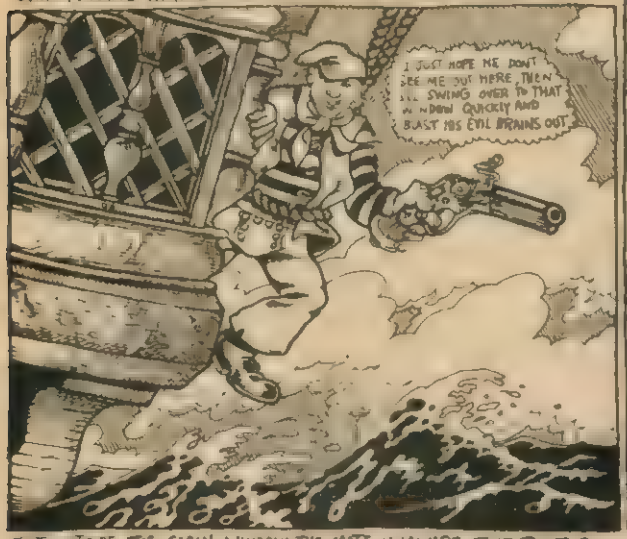


IT WAS APPARENT THAT THE CAPTAIN WOULD BE HARD O BUDGE OUT OF HIS CABIN, FOR HE KNEW WHAT FATE AWAITED HIM ABOVE DECK, A MATE YELLED DOWN

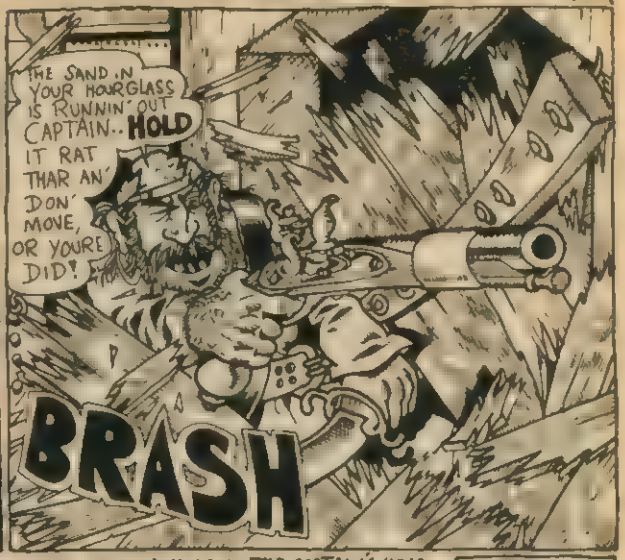
DIDJA GIT THAT BASTARD CAPTAIN OUTTA THAR YIT, ROOTER?
HE BLASTED AMBROSE!, WHY DONTCHA TRY GETTIN AT HIM THROUGH THE STERN CABIN WINDOW?

GIMMIY A HAND HERE MATE.
AYE
THAT ROOTER IS ONE CRUSTY ASS HOLE! I'LL JUST LASH THIS ROPE TO THE STERN RAIL AND LOWER MYSELF JUST OUTSIDE THE CAPTAINS CABIN WINDOW..... THEN BLOW DAY LIGHTS OUTTA HIS UGLY HIDE!

THE MATE LOWERED HIMSELF DOWN OVER THE STERN OF THE SHIP.. FINDING HIMSELF JUST OUTSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN WINDOW.



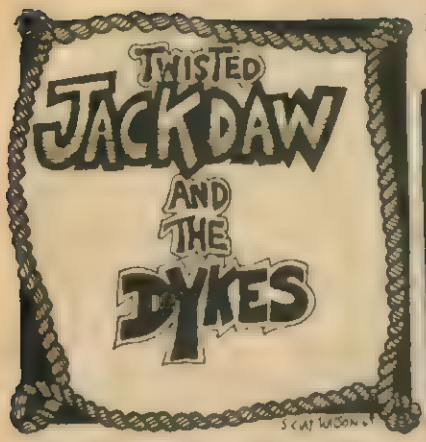
INSIDE THE SHIP, ROOTER BURST THROUGH THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN DOOR



JUST OUTSIDE THE CABIN WINDOW, THE MATE, UNAWARE THAT ROOTER NOW HELD THE CAPTAIN AT BAY, SAW ONLY THE CAPTAIN'S BACK AND TOOK AIM.

ROOTER BLEW A HOLE IN THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD

THE BALL FROM ROOTER'S PISTOL SPED THROUGH THE CAPTAIN, SMASHED THROUGH THE WINDOW, AND LANDED SMACK DAB BETWIXT THE EYES OF THE MATE WHO HUNG OUTSIDE. BUT SINCE HE HAD FIRED A SPLIT SECOND AFTER ROOTER, HIS SHOT FLEW INSIDE, THROUGH THE CAPTAIN AGAIN, AND SNUFFED ROOTER TIDY.


TWISTED
JACKDAW
AND
THE
DYKES
SCAT WILSON

JACKDAW COLLINGBONE WAS A MATE WITH A TWISTED MIND
MY MOON IS IN

HE WAS A PEERLESS BATTLER.... BEING A SADIST WITH AN IRON GRIP.
THE ENGLISH NAVY CONSISTS OF MILKSOPS
YARGHH
YURK

HE WAS POPULAR, WHEN IN PORT, WITH THE MUSKY STRUMPETS...
COME TO MY ROOM, JACKDAW
HOWS TRICKS HARD NIPS
TART

FOR HIS CRANK WAS AS TWISTED AS HIS MIND..THEY ADORED IT...
YOUNG HUNGRY CUNT
NNNNGGG
SLURSSH

ONE NIGHT AS JACKDAW WAS SCARFIN' A WENCH'S KOOZE...
MMMMMMMM UUUHHHMMM
SHLAP
LURP LIP

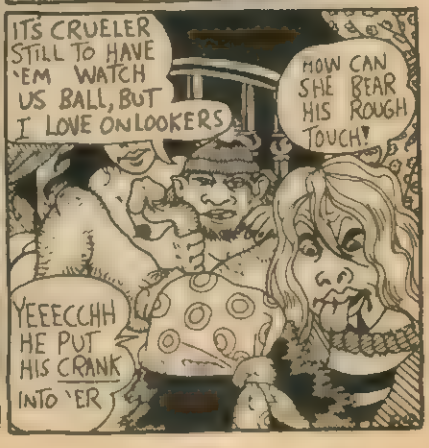
CRASH
SAINTS PRESERVE US JACKDAW... ITS THOSE RASTY SHANG HAI DYKES
SHIT!

YARRHOOOW
LOOKIT THAT FUNNY LOOKIN' BENT JOHNIKER ON 'IM..
WE CAN USE A MAN LIKE THAT, LESS' GRAB 'IM...

KNOCK BOTH YOU VILE BITCHES OUT!
YURK
BOK
GOOK
DAP

JACKDAW, MY MEAT, YOUR MIND IS TRULY TWISTED
IT'S ONLY THE LONG NIGHTS AT SEA, JACKIN' OFF' OVER THE RUDDER THAT DOES IT..

ITS CRUEL HOW YOU BEAT AND BOUND THEM TWO DYKE SHANG HAIERS
PIG
THAT AINT CRUEL, MY TART


ITS CRUELER STILL TO HAVE 'EM WATCH US BALL, BUT I LOVE ONLOOKERS
HOW CAN SHE BEAR HIS ROUGH TOUCH!
YEEECCHH HE PUT HIS CRANK INTO 'ER

BOOGIE
AND BONES
GET AWAY FROM THAT TIT..
NO.
THE YEAR IS 1962... TWO BOOGIE MEN FIGHT ABOUT A CAPTIVE DUMPLING.
NUK
HFF
CNK
FEESH
YARRGH!
YOUR FRILLY BLOWS FAIL TO STOP ME..IM GONNA SCARF BOTH GAMS.
DIDNT KNOW I HAD MY EYE SCREW DID YA?
THAT FOUL CREATURE, IS NUZZLIN MY SHOE BOW.
SWOOP
THE FETISH SAVIOR SUDDENLY CONJURED UP....
PARF
VIT
VIT
LET NO BOOGIE MAN TOUCH HIS LIPS TO THESE FRILLY BOWS.
CUT THESE ROPES
SMURT

THE POSSESSED, EXORCISTS, DEMONS AND GURUS IN A FREE-FOR-ALL.
©S.Clay WILSON '79
KLOP
GURK!
WOW

LEWD INTERLUDE

Clay Wilson 1969

MELCHART, THE WORRIED DWARF TALKS INTENTLY WITH A FRIEND. IN THE OTHER ROOM, THE DUCHESS, HER MIND ALL BUT GONE, THROUGH EXCESSES OF EVERY NATURE, ENTERTAINS A CASTLE GUARD AND THE PRIVILEGED PRISONER.....

SHE DOSEN'T SEEM TO BE DOIN' ANY HARM MELCHART
EVERYTIME THAT SOW ARRIVES, SHE BALLS UP THE PLACIDNESS OF THE PLACE
THEY'RE ONLY CHAINS OF LOVE MY FAT WHANGED PET
PULL ON IT, DUCHESS MY KUNT SEVERAL MORE VOLLEYS AWAIT YOU!
MELCHART ZATS NICE NICE PUSS
POOF

MELCHART WHIPPED THE SWITCHBLADE FROM HIS PANTS.....

I BELIEVE IM GOING IN THERE AND WHITTLE OFF HER TITS, PIERCE HER DEPRAVED HEART AND MAYBE CLEAN UP ON THAT IDIOT GUARD AND THAT IDIOT GODDAMN PRIVILEGED PRISONER WHO SHOULD BE DOWNSTAIRS CHAINED TO A GODDAMN POST
MELMART WHY YOU SO BITTER?
FLAK

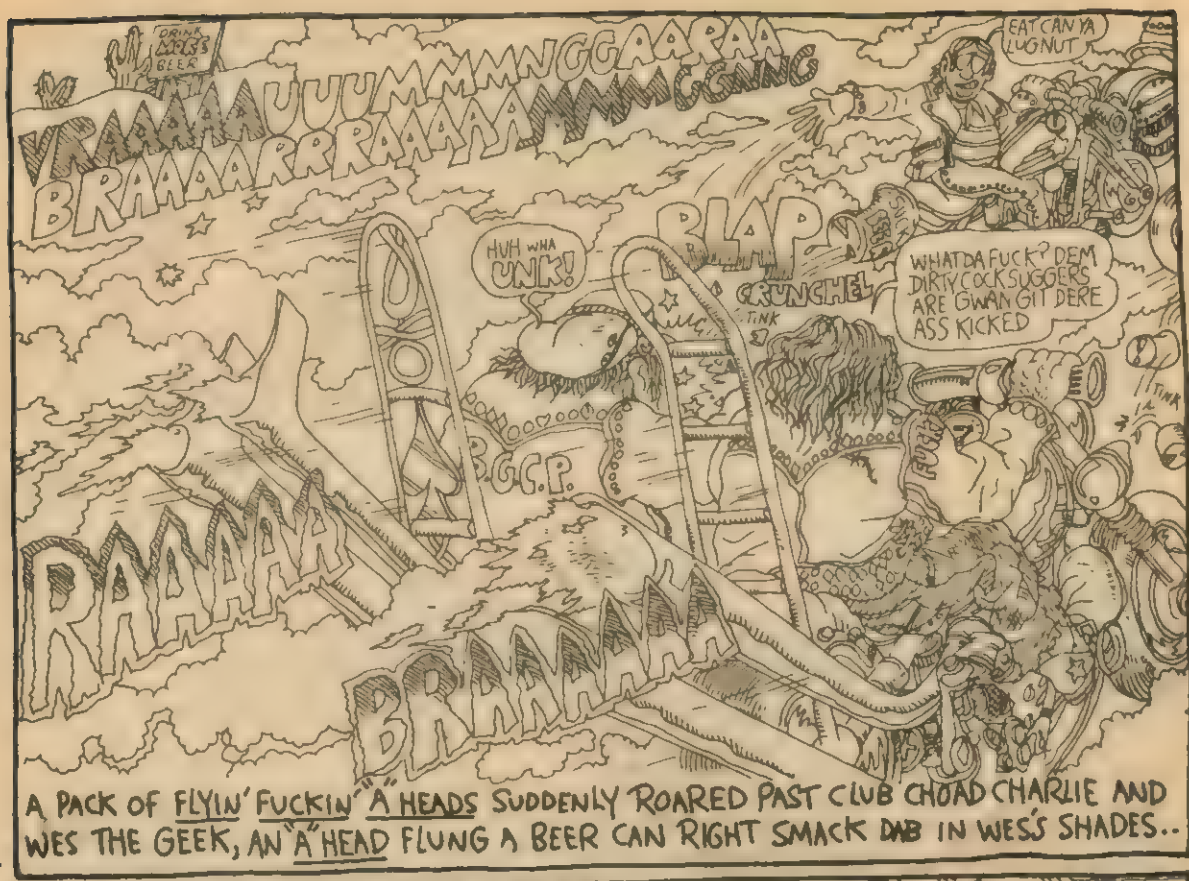
THE GUARD WAS GETTING A BLOW JOB FROM THE COMELY DUCHESS... HIS ARMS WERE WAVING ABOUT IN A FIT OF JOY. AS MELCHART ENTERED THE ROOM HE WAS ACCIDENTLY BEHEADED BY THE RAZOR SHARP SCIMITAR CLUTCHED IN THE GUARDS FLAPPING BURLY RIGHT HAND.

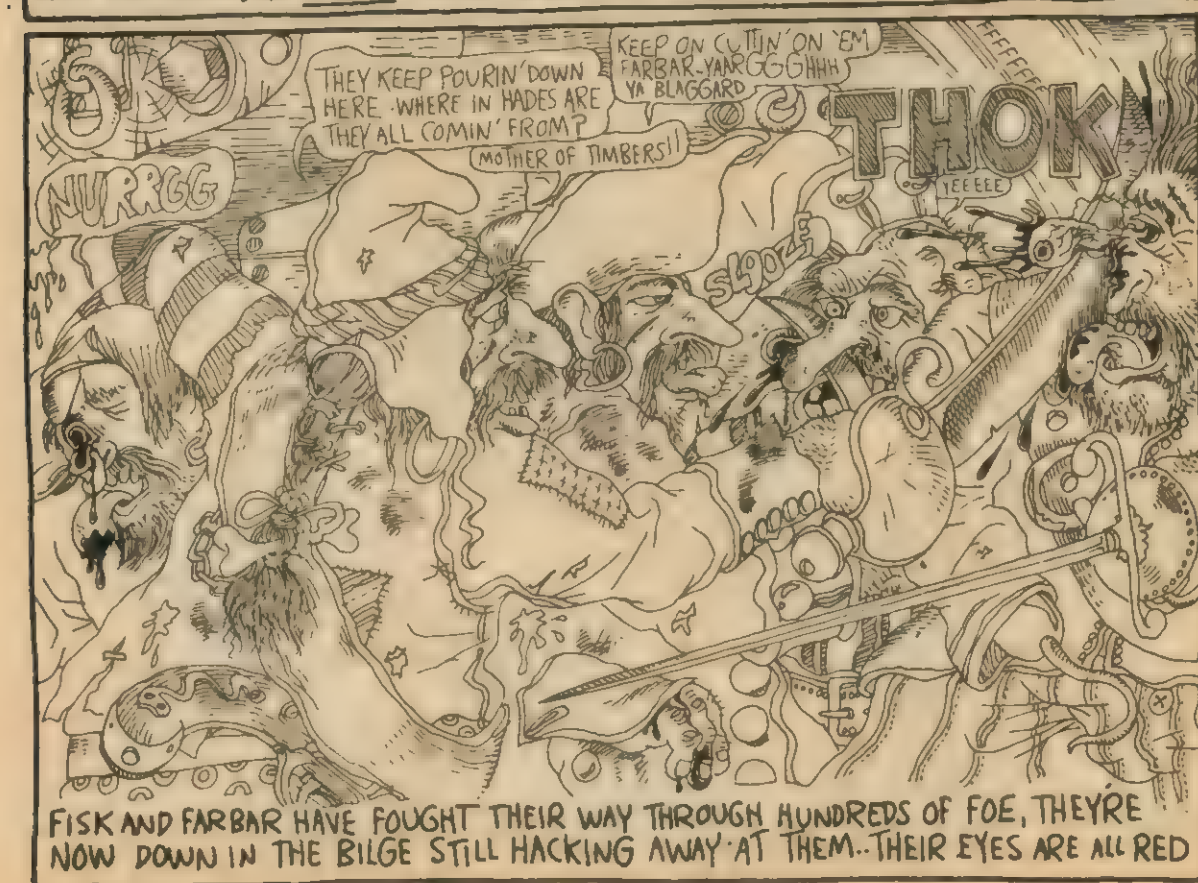
THIS DIDNT BOTHER THE PRIVILEGED PRISONER, WHO RUSHED FORWARD TO PLUG INTO THE DUCHESS FROM THE REAR...

BUT HE SLIPPED ON MELCHARTS SEVERED HEAD, AND CAREENING THROUGH THE DOOR, HE FELL UPON MELCHARTS FRIEND.. PINNING HIM TO THE FLOOR AND CHOKING HIM TO DEATH WITH THE RUDE CHAIN THAT BOUND HIS HANDS.

BERNICE BABY WHERE ARE YKKR
SIT
SLANG
SHWACK
HK
JITLE CHAIN FUR YER BRAIN NGK
NOW'S THE TIME TO PUT YOUR BIRTHDAY BERETTA USE BERNICE SPRAY ON
ZEET
BBRRAAAAA
KA-SPAK KA-SPAK KA-SPAK
FELT A BONE GIVE WAY NEATH MA' WHEEL
HA
GAAAA
CRAK
SPAP
HALF-WIT CYCLOPS MC.
HUT
DUHF
BITCH
NNGFFF
BOX
PISS
GAAAAMMM NNNNGGG HURT HURT GUTS HURT
CRASH
OH OH
TO BIG JOHN RIDDELL.

TIME WARP TALES
© S. CLAY WILSON 1969 WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA, ACE
WADDOYA WANNA DO WES BABY? HOW BOUTA 'BEER ANNA BURGER NEXT PLACE WE SEE? HUH?
YEAH I CAN DIG WASHINDE ZUGLY ASS TASTIN' BUGS DOWN PHAW CHRIST
VRAAAAAP
BRAAAAA


DRINK WES'S BEER
VRAAAAAAUUUMMMMNGGAAPAA
BRAAAARRRAAAAAMMMGGNNG
EAT CAN YA LUGNUT
HUH WHA UNK!
BLAP
CRUNCHEL
TINK
WHAT DA FUCK? DEM DIRTY COCKSUGGERS ARE GWAN GIT DERE ASS KICKED
TINK
G.C.P.
RAAAAAA
BRAAAAAAA
A PACK OF FLYIN' FUCKIN' "A" HEADS SUDDENLY ROARED PAST CLUB CHOAD CHARLIE AND WES THE GEEK, AN "A" HEAD FLUNG A BEER CAN RIGHT SMACK DAB IN WES'S SHADES..

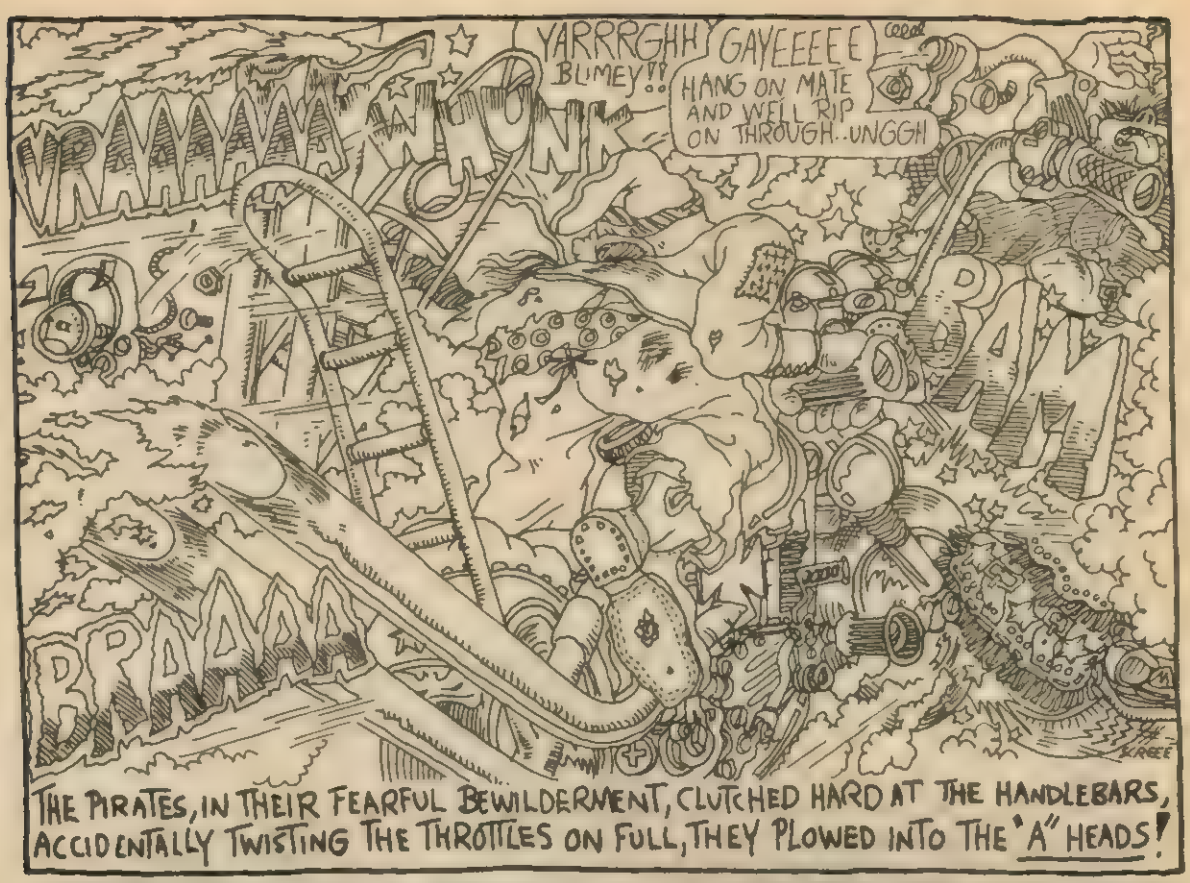

THEY KEEP POURIN' DOWN HERE. WHERE IN HADES ARE THEY ALL COMIN' FROM?
KEEP ON CUTTIN' ON 'EM FARBAR. YAARGGGHHH YA BLAGGARD
MOTHER OF TIMBERS!!
NURRGG
SLOOZ
THOK
YEE EEE
FISK AND FARBAR HAVE FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH HUNDREDS OF FOE, THEY'RE NOW DOWN IN THE BILGE STILL HACKING AWAY AT THEM.. THEIR EYES ARE ALL RED

YARRGH WHAT MANNER OF CRAFT IS THIS WE FIND OURSELVES ASTRIDE WHICH PROPELS US LIKE THE VERY WIND
ARRGGHHH WHERE ARE WE? WERE IN SOME SORT OF FLEET-MORE OF THESE DEVICES ARE AHEAD OF US··GOOD LAWD
RAAAAAAAR
B.C.P.

SUDDENLY, THE TIME WARP SNAPPED INTO EFFECT, FISK AND FARBAR FOUND THEMSELVES BLASTING DOWN A HIGHWAY AT 110 MILES AN HOUR. CONFUSED? YES THEY ARE.....

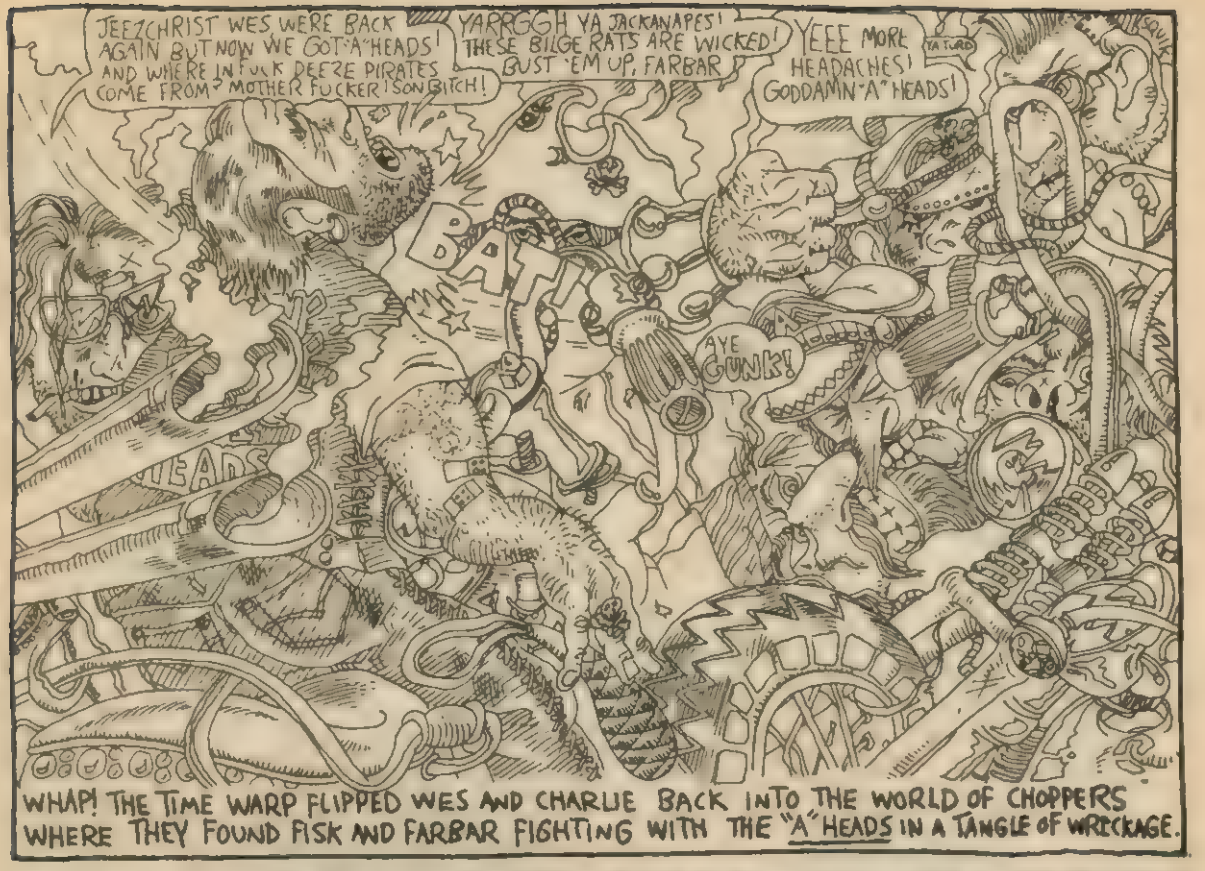
HEY GEEK WHATS SHAKIN' HERE WHERE INNA FUCK WE AT-WHO DEEZE HEAVY MOTHERS?
HUH? WHA? I CUNT SEE JACKSHIT, MY GODDAMN EYES ARE FULLA BROKEN SHADES
YARK
ZOK

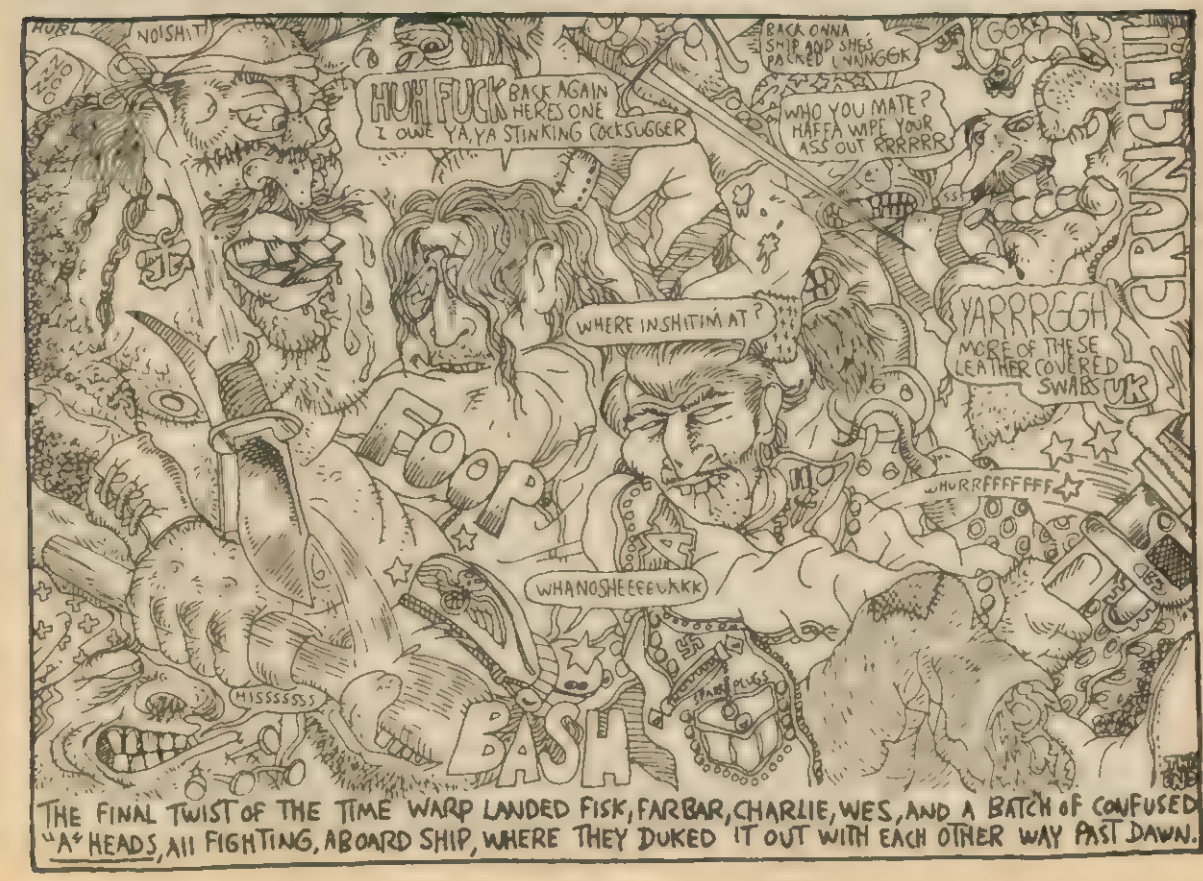
AS FOR CLUB CHOAD CHARLIE AND WES THE GEEK, THEY WERE SURROUNDED BY HORDES OF WORKED UP PISSED OFF PIRATES WHO DIDNT EVEN NOTICE THE SWITCH OR CARED TO...



THE PIRATES, IN THEIR FEARFUL BEWILDERMENT, CLUTCHED HARD AT THE HANDLEBARS, ACCIDENTALLY TWISTING THE THROTTLES ON FULL, THEY PLOWED INTO THE "A" HEADS!

BACK AT THE SHIP, CHARLIE AND WES WERE GETTIN' THEIR ASS STOMPED BY THE FRENZIED PIRATES - WHO WERE BIGGER, UGLIER, AND MEANER THAN HOLY SHIT...


JEEZCHRIST WES WERE BACK AGAIN BUT NOW WE GOT "A" HEADS! AND WHERE IN FUCK DEEZE PIRATES COME FROM? MOTHER FUCKER! SON BITCH!
YARRRGGH YA JACKANAPES! THESE BILGE RATS ARE WICKED! BUST 'EM UP, FARBAR
YEEE MORE HEADACHES! GODDAMN "A" HEADS!
YA TURD
SQUIK
BAT
AYE GUNK!
HEADS
WHAP! THE TIME WARP FLIPPED WES AND CHARLIE BACK INTO THE WORLD OF CHOPPERS WHERE THEY FOUND FISK AND FARBAR FIGHTING WITH THE "A" HEADS IN A TANGLE OF WRECKAGE.


HUH
NOISHIT
NO NO
HUH FUCK BACK AGAIN HERES ONE I OWE YA, YA STINKING COCKSUGGER
BACK ONNA SHIP AND SHES PACKED LYNNGGK
WHO YOU MATE? HAFFA WIPE YOUR ASS OUT RRRRRR
WHERE INSHITIM AT?
FOOP
YARRRGGH MORE OF THESE LEATHER COVERED SWABS UK
HURRFFFFFFF
WHANOSHEEEEUKKK
HISSSSSS
EARPLUGS
BASH
THE FINAL TWIST OF THE TIME WARP LANDED FISK, FARBAR, CHARLIE, WES, AND A BATCH OF CONFUSED "A" HEADS, ALL FIGHTING, ABOARD SHIP, WHERE THEY DUKED IT OUT WITH EACH OTHER WAY PAST DAWN.

CAN CAPERS
©S CLAY WILSON 1992
ANOTHER CRAP DAY AT THIS STINKIN' SOUP CANNERY..
WONDER WHAT WELL BE CANNIN TODAY.... CHICKEN NOODLE? CHOWDER?
LESS SEE HERE RAMONA... WERE CANNIN' CREAM OF CRANK SOUP TODAY
YEAH AND WERE ON THE INSPECTION LINE THIS WEEK
ICK!!
UP IN THE CUTTING ROOM, THE CLUBBERS AND CUTTERS WERE AT WORK.
NICE BIG FRESH ONES TODAY BERNICE...
KONK
SLIK
BOTH MY EYES ARE GOOD AND EVEN IF I HAD A BAD ONE, NOT EVEN A GOOD ONE COULD PLUG INTO MY SOCKET.
KEEP TIDY H.
NOW KEEP YOUR EYE OUT FOR A BAD ONE.. THEYRE STARTIN' TO COME DOWN THE CHUTE, RAMONA BABY.
HA! HA! SOCKET TO ME HA! THESE ARE THROUGH COMIN' HA!!
BUN
BUP
FOP
WHIRRRR
WELL, HERES THE FIRST BAD ONE FOR TODAY OPEN SORES FESTERING LUMPS FLUIDS RUNNING FROM DISEASED LESIONS.. YEECCHH!!
HELPS BREAK UP THE MONOTONY, BEV! PROVIDES FOR A FEW COCK-TALES AFTER WORK HA!! GIMMY THAT VILE ITEM
PLAP
WHIRRR
UNLESS, OF COURSE YOU WANNA MAKE CREAM OF CLAP OUT OF IT HA!
SPOP!
THE END
AND DONT FORGET TO STICK IT.

THE MAN CRIED THAT NIGHT
SHE HAD LEERED AT HIM FOR THE FINAL TIME THROUGH THAT ROW OF PERFECT TEETH NOW SHE LAY IN THE BLOOD-SOAKED BED HEADLESS...
IS OVER, SHE'S DEAD
HAVE TO GET RID OF THAT BODY AND HEAD WHEW BUT FIRST, A COLD BEER THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, MISTER MEAT CLEAVER
FLIP
CLUNT
AHHHH THAT SURE HITS THE SPOT AFTER THAT
HUH WHUZAT?
BUMP
FLOATING THROUGH THE DARK AND ROOM AT HIM SWINGING AND SWINGING THE SEVERED HEAD AND THAT ROW OF PERFECT TEETH
NO NO NO NO NO NO
SOB GLKK HUK HUP SOB GLK NOOOOO NOOOOOO
KICK
GAAA
AND CLUTCHED A KNIFE IN HAND

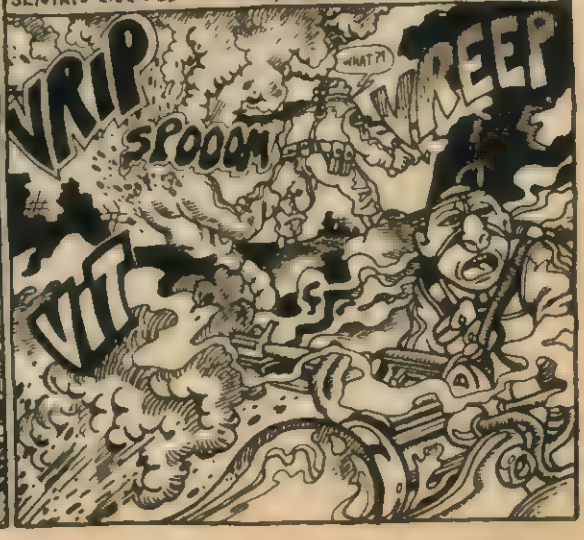
THE LUCKY ONES YET UNDISCOVERED, REACHED STAGES OF PARANOIA SO INTENSE THEY WOULD KILL ANYONE ON SIGHT, TO PROTECT THEIR LAST BIT OF FOOD, OR WOULD SIMPLY STARE INTO SPACE...

MUTATIONS WERE STUDIED BY Z SQUAD TECHNO-SCIENTISTS. EXPERIMENTS WERE PERFORMED. PRISONERS EXECUTED. QUESTIONS ASKED...

A FEW SURVIVORS STILL REMAINED IN THE SMOLDERING RUINS AND WERE TRACKED DOWN BY THE Z SQUAD...

THE MORE ATTRACTIVE FEMALE SURVIVORS WERE CAPTURED AND WERE AT THE MERCY OF THE TWISTED WHIMS OF THE UPPER ECHELON Z SQUAD OFFICERS. TORTURE AND LUST...

SUDDENLY, IN THE FAR NORTHERN CORNER OF AREA 47118, Z SQUAD SENTRYS EXPLODED INTO GAS, SHRILL SOUNDS SPLIT THE AIR...



NO LOOT FOR YOU, CAPTAIN NAMROOTH
YOU GOT PLANS WID' DAT DIRK GREETHER..
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON
S CLAY WILSON 1969
ABOARD THE PIRATE VESSEL, "THE FOAMING CRANK," A FEW OF THE MATES, CALVIN BLOODROOT AND GREETHER SPOTSWOOD CAME TO BLOWS..
YOU GOBBÁNUTTIN'
YURF
YA BETTER HIT HARDERN DAT MATE!
POMP
YARGGGH Ya GOT ME ONNA LIP.. YOURE NO GOOD GREETHER
WHIFFFF
MAYBE IF I TAKE ONE OF YUR EARS OFF, YOU'LL QUIT JABBIN' ME INNA GUTZ
SO YA WANNA PLAY WID' BLADES EH GREETHER YA RAT!
WHIP IT OUT AND I'LL SHRED YA ALL OVER DEEZE DECK BARDS LAK CHEESE..
YOU MOVE QUICK FOR A FAT FOUL-SMELLIN' BILGE RAT-YOU'LL LOSE THAT ARM NEXT TIME AROUND!
FLIP
GAAAAA ...MA' SHOULDER
GUNK

THE CAPTAIN WATCHED THE TWO BRAWLING MATES WITH CONCERN AS HE SUCKED ON HIS PIPE....

FUFF
CALVIN AND GREETHER ARE AT EACH OTHERS THROATS AGAIN.. THEY WASTE ALL THEIR ENERGY TRYIN' TO DO EACH OTHER IN, RATHER THAN DOIN' SOME WORK!

AYE CAP...
THIS REQUIRES SOME HEAVY ACTION FROM THE FIRST MATE, WHO'S BORED AND OVERFED ANYHOW..
MISTER WOLLENSON STEP OVER HERE A MOMENT...
FOFF

AYE AYE CAP.
CALVIN BLOODROOT AND GREETHER SPOTSWOOD ARE DOWN THERE SLICIN' AWAY AT EACH OTHER...
GO DOWN AND BUST UP THAT BRAWL MISTER WOLLENSON..OR BUST THEM UP! WHICH EVER COMES FIRST!
POOT

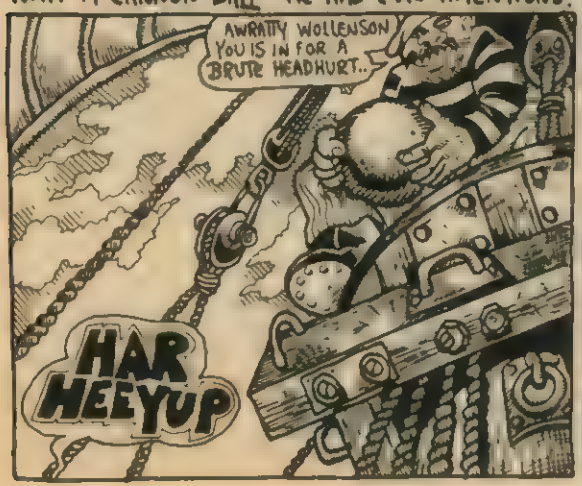
CALVIN AND GREETHER WERE NOW TRYING TO CONK EACH OTHER COLD WITH BELAYIN' PINS.. THEIR DIRKS HAD BOTH BROKE AND THE ENDURANCE OF THESE TWO MATES VERGED ON THE UNREAL.

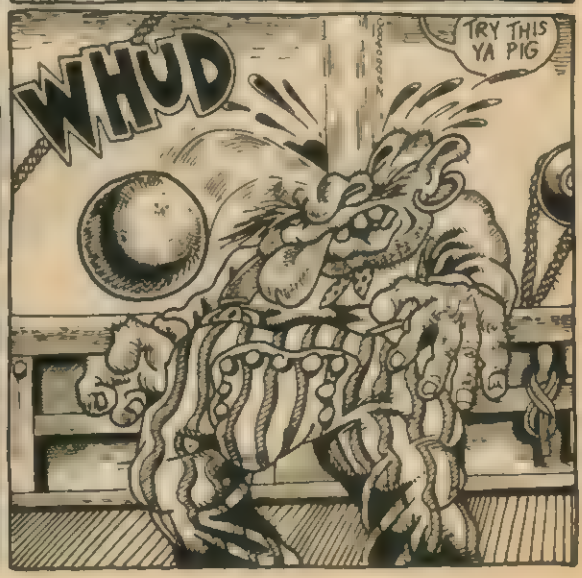
INTO THIS MELEE CAME MISTER WOLLENSON..

MURP
IF THARS ONE THANG AH'D RATHER HURT THAN YOUR FEELINGS WOLLENSON, ITS YOUR HEAD!
ZIP
NNNGGG AH' CUNT' HARDLY BREED TRU' MA' NODE. UMM GIK

MISTER WOLLENSON WAS NOW PISSED. HE PICKED CALVIN BLOODROOT UP BY HIS HEAD AND FLUNG HIM REALLY HARD AGAINST A MAST...

WHILE THIS POINTLESS VIOLENCE WAS GOING ON.. GREETHER HAD CLIMBED UP TO THE MIZZENTOP WITH A CANNON BALL... HE HAD EVIL INTENTIONS!





THE CAPTAIN STROLLED OVER TO WOLLENSON'S REMAINS..
AYE..A GOOD MAN HE ONCE WAS, HE BE A MESS NOW..THIS CALLS FOR SOME SORT OF ACTION AGIN' THAT GREETHER SWAB
SOME DISTANCE AWAY, ABOARD THE SHREDDED QUIM, CAPTAIN NAMROOTH AND HIS PIRATE CREW, BITCHED AND MUTTERED AT ONE ANOTHER, LUSTING FOR LOOT...
I HAV UNTOLD AMOUNTS OF RUM
SOME BUCKETS OF JEWELS, SEA CHESTS OF GOLD DOUBLOONS AND ROPES OF PEARLS WOULD EASE ME GREED A MITE..
I BEEN AT SEA TOO LONG - I GARTER GIT ME SEFF SCREWED BY A DOVER TART
THEN SOMEBODY SAID SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE!
SO I WENT OVER TO THE MOSS COVERED STONE BUT IT HAD GATHERED AND DIED.. HUFF
YOU'RE STUPID!
BA DA YANG BA DA YANG
BOP
YOU MATES ARE GETTIN' CABIN FEVER- WE NEED A GOOD SCRAP WITH A FAT MERCHANT SHIP TO BOIL THE VINEGAR OUTTA' AR' SYSTEMS...
SUDDENLY, THE TIME WARP SNAPPED INTO EFFECT, A SPEED FREAK WITH A TOMMY GUN BROKE IN...
EAT HOT LEAD YA SWINE
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
BACK ON THE "FOAMING CRANK," MARLENE THE DYKE PINS THE CAPTAIN TO THE DECK AS GREETHER SWAYS IN THE BREEZE.
AHM GONNA EAT YOUR BLACK HEART
GARRGGKKKK
AND ELSEWHERE DOCTOR HATTERSCAM STUDIES THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN A CAGED DEMON AND A YOUNG GIRL
MY DEMON
VERY INTERESTING
SHLUP LURP

GLUTTON TALES
©CIAS Wilson 1970.
GEORGES WAS A GLUTTON.....
MLARP
TURD
BEFORE BREAKFAST, HE WOULD EAT A JACKAL... WASHING IT DOWN WITH A GALLON OF PORT.
SLURP
HE STARTED WEEK DAY MEALS WITH ROAST LIMB (OFTEN A FOE, PIRATE OR A TART...)
AND THEN 100 SLICES OF MONK-MADE CRUSHED BARLEY BREAD, TUBS OF MUTATION GIANT CHERRIES...
I LOG TO EAT
HE WOULD SWALL DOWN 500 LITRES OF EEL SOUP SPICED WITH MUSKY SEAWEED GOAT SOUP...
SNIP
DOLP
ONE AFTERNOON, GEORGES WAS IN THE PROCESS OF FEASTING UPON A COVE SERPENT...
IT REEKS TO HIGH HEAVEN, MATE
I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF IT
SKURSH
WHEN IN STROLLED THE CAPTAIN...
'AVE A SEAT CAPTAIN...
WHEN THE CAPTAIN SAT DOWN, GEORGES JUMPED UP WITH A SERPENT BONE...
SAY GOODBYE
FOOP
AND SNAPPED THE MANS SPINE WITH IT, THE CAPTAIN DREW HIS SWITCH BLADE TOO SLOW...
NO NO NARK IT
PAK
GEORGES THEN DICED THE CAPTAIN AND PUT HIM IN TO BOIL...
SOME HEAVY STEW
BUBBLE
BOIP
PLOP
SLOP
CRICKLE
SNAK
AND LATER HAD CAPTAIN on TOAST FOR SUPPER.
A BIT BURNT BUT OTHERWISE, ALL RAT
HE HAD JUST FINISHED, WHEN THE BOSUN CAME IN.
WHAT ARE YOU EATIN'?
AWWFUL
'AVE A SEAT BOSUN
GEORGES SLUGGED THE BOSUN COLD
A CLOP IN DA 'CHOPS
THE SAME PROCESS WAS DONE TO THE BOSUN.... AND EATEN...
MORE STEW AND I WON'T BE BOIL
BOILED GUTS DON'T BOTHER ME, IN FACT...
JUST THEN, THE WHOLE CREW AMBLED IN...
SO, USING A BIGGER POT, HE DICED, BOILED, AND ATE THEM ALL... THEN LEFT THE SHIP.....
STEW CITY
PLOTCH SIMMER
BOIP
SNAP
POK
CRICK
YEARS LATER, ALWAYS HUNTING FOR A JOB, HE FINALLY FOUND ONE ON A MERCHANT SHIP.
CREW NEEDED
AFTER TALKING WITH GEORGES HERE I'VE FOUND THAT HE'S OUR MAN. TAKE THE SIGN DOWN...

PIRATES EAT SOME MEDIA.
© HOWARD ARNERST. 1933.
THESE BLOODY RADIO TUBES ARE A MITE CRISP.. IK..
WHATCHA EATIN' THAR, GEORGES?
AHM SCARFIN' DOWN SOME BLUES DISCS... YARRRGGHHH
ALRIGHTY MATEY.. WHEN I BLAST 'ER... SWEEP UP THE PIECES AND WELL 'AVE US SOME BOOB TUBE STEW..
CRATCH CRIK..
CRUNK
CRAK!
YA MIGHT SLIP A FEW (CRUNK) THIS WAY MATE (CRAKK) IF THAR (CRUNCH) (GAK) ANY GOOD... (CRIK) THESE ROCK 45'S FOULER THAN BILGE
ARGGK
CHOFF
YARRMMFFF BLUHHHKK.. COMICS... EAT COMICS.. WURPFF
HEY MON.. EES DE FEELM ZOUP EENY GOOD? DESE MAGAZEENES ES CHEWY!
RIP!
SHLUP
COLOR ONES ARE A WHOLE LOT BETTER MATE... WITH HOME MOVIES FOR DESSERT.
SHLF

2.